

# RICHARD MANSFIELD DEPLORES THE PASSION OF THE MOMENT

Distinguished Actor Says That His Personality Has Been Misunderstood and That Unkind Reports of His Peculiarities Have Hurt Him Deeply.

## TOO BUSY TO WANDER AROUND "JOLLYING"

AFTER many years of silence concerning his personal peculiarities and traits, which have found such abundant exploitation, and which he bore without protest, Mr. Richard Mansfield has at last come out in the open and says that he is a misunderstood man. Instead of being a cold, hard, hearted, self-centered cynic, with an unpleasant temper and disposition, this great actor told a Herald reporter last Friday that at heart and of his own volition he is of a jovial nature, loves social life, good fellowship, enjoys life and sunshine and all the pleasant things of the world. Circumstances have been such, mainly on account of Mr. Mansfield's ardent devotion to his profession, that he has had no time to broadcast his natural bias for good humor and the pleasures of life.

It was in Mr. Mansfield's private car on a trip to Springfield, Mass., that he told the Herald reporter just why he was going to retire from the stage in three years and laid bare the real feelings which actuate him. Mr. Mansfield's special train of this car had just arrived from Syracuse, and the actor's private car was shunted around the yard for awhile and then backed down to a siding close by the river bank, where the noise of the railway traffic would not disturb his sleep after a strenuous night's performance.

He sat in the room at the end of the car, which is a combination of study and smoking room. Shelves full of books are neatly tucked along the vacant wall spaces. There is a big writing table, with a desk, and another table is littered with an accumulation of pipes, cigars and cigarettes. The chairs are comfy, comfortable affairs, and the whole atmosphere of the place is far removed from a railway car and can be imagined in perfect health.

Mr. Mansfield, in a brown tweed smoking jacket, with trousers to match, with an collar or cravat, but in lieu of them a white silk handkerchief tied about his neck, lounged in one of these most giving chairs and smoked a broadwood pipe while he talked. He looks the absolute picture of health, and any rumor to the contrary is not only palpably untrue but really malicious. Outside the broad window the frozen surface of the Connecticut River glistens white and dazzling in the sunshine.

"The statement that I am going to retire from the stage is absolutely untrue," said Mr. Mansfield, "as true as that I am sitting in this chair at this moment. There is every reason why I should, and no very urgent one why I should not. For twenty years I have worked incessantly, night and day, and I think that my rest is now due me. I cannot keep striking twelve all the time. The tongue of the bell is sure to wear out, and we bells have no way of supplying new tongues."

### ALWAYS IN EARNEST.

"It is in my nature to take work seriously. I always have. Whatever part I play—and heaven knows I have played a great many, practically all the forms of play—has been a labor of love. I have played with my whole heart and soul. Whatever else I have been, I have never been superficial. I have thrown myself into the character and done as deep as I could. I have never spared myself. I have tried to skim things over or swim on the surface. Now, this taken together with rehearsals, with the studying of new parts, with the attention to the business end of the tour, with the occasional preparation of the addresses, has kept my time so fully occupied that I have had no rest and but little chance to cultivate the acquaintance of my fellow man."

"And what is the result? It is that I have for a number of years been pretty generally misunderstood. I have been thought unapproachable and the possessor of a violent temper. In fact, and all my intimate friends know that, I am just the contrary. To be sure, I am a bundle of nerves and discordant notes hit on me and prick me. Perhaps I am unresponsive. But I am not. I could, if I seemed to have been in fashion to exploit anything that seemed a bad trait of my part or that would throw a slur upon me as a man."

"I am sure that the public appear to be more interested in learning of unpleasant things about people in public life than they do of the pleasant ones. At least, that has been my experience and have felt it very recently. You cannot imagine how all these reports—and I am happy to say in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they have been malicious—have affected and annoyed me. I have suffered there in silence for the most part, but the denial of an evil story never overtakes the story, and also that a denial only produces controversy which makes the matter even more unpleasant."

### TWO STORIES.

"Now, for instance, suppose a story was spread that Richard Mansfield in a hurry along the streets ran into a small, half-dressed urchin, and in a burst of temper, because this little boy was in his way, had pushed him down and kicked him out of the gutter. The public would fairly revel in the flamboyant account of such a feat. The story of it would be printed far and wide and no end of malicious gossip would spring upon me. Now, on the other hand, suppose on going along the street I saw a poor, half-starved boy gazing in a confectioner's window and I took him in and gave him some of the cakes and made him comfortable and happy. Not a line of it would be printed, and even if it were it would arouse no particular interest; but it is a thousand times more likely to be true. Somewhere the kind things that I have done in my very busy life rarely get into publicity, while on the other hand innumerable impossible stories of disgraceful deeds of mine are forever bobbing up and down over and over again that I am an impossible man to get along with, that I am a crank, that members of my company and my business associates cherish mingled feelings of hate and fear for me. This hurts me more than I can tell."

"As a matter of fact, my company is simply a happy family. We rarely have difficulties of any kind, of course. In a happy organization of this kind it is necessary now and again to discharge some actor either because he does not do his work competently or perhaps because he gets drunk. Of course, an actor who is drunk is a disgraceful thing, and I have been out beyond Denver, hurrying for the coast and out of touch of any chance to make a public denial, when a report was sent broadcast over the country that I had been drunk. I had discharged all the principal members. When we reached San Francisco we found that this report had done incalculable harm. The public were so full of belief in the story that they would be taken by underlings. Of course there was not a word of truth in the report. Under no circumstances could I have been so foolish a business man as to do anything of the kind. While

there I was invited to a dinner by the Bohemian Club, whose members thoughtfully asked if I would like the members of my company to be present also. I replied that I should be very glad indeed to have the principals there, and in the address that I made at the dinner I referred to them as 'my discharged principals.' That dispelled the illusion and counteracted the evil effect of the false report. While I do not care to preach a sermon or to moralize, I do think that in this age we are altogether too prone to think evil of our neighbor and think only of ourselves. We scowl too much. We smile too little. You can see it on the street cars, where every one is trying to jostle every one else out of the way. The spirit of kindness, of gentleness, of brotherly love seems to be dying out in this mad rush for wealth and personal achievement."

### NO MORE LOVE STORIES.

"I have noticed, and all must have remarked, that the old fashioned love story has almost entirely disappeared. Love seems to be to have become a thing of the past. In place of the good old fashioned love story we have been treated to the scientific, the social conundrum play and to plays of a class concerning which the less said the better. And we have a sort of false brilliancy play, which like an imitation diamond, catches the eye, but has no intrinsic or lasting value. Then we have the production play, which is all scenery, costumes, mechanics, humbug and cheap literature."

"Lord Macaulay in his essays constantly refers to cause and effect, and so here we have only to find the cause in order to realize the effect and to discover how closely the stage is allied to all that is happening in the very subterranean social streams of this earth. The contemporary stage is the reflection of contemporary events. In the works of Shakespeare we find the influence and the philosophy of the day photographed for all ages to see, and so with us will the men who live after us have a very easy task in determining what kind of a people we were. Unless I am very much mistaken, they will come to the conclusion, judging us by our drama and literature, that we were a pretty shoddy lot, that there was very little genuine love to go round in these days and that we cared more for money than for any other thing that could be found on the face of the earth."

### DISTURBING THE WAVES.

"In this world, and in probably all other worlds, everything, whether it be light or sound, or heat, or cold, or air or water, travels in waves, and upon the perfect and harmonious progression of those waves depend life and health and happiness. The slightest disturbance of these harmonious waves produces conflict and conflict means distress. If you disturb the waves of the air you produce storms. If you disturb the harmonious wave currents of love—by love I do not mean passion—you produce war. By war I do not necessarily mean the immediate result of the armies of nations opposed to one another in mortal conflict, but I do mean the incessant and strenuous conflict of the little human soul in the determination to get the better of one another."

"I do not know whether I am mistaken, but there seems to me to be less love—home love, love of the right kind, the love that is the basis of all good things—than there used to be. It is money—the stress and strain of money grubbing—that is eating up love, and the harmonious waves of love are deflected, and consequently, we have anarchy and disturbance. We no longer have the same winters or the same summers that most of us can remember. We speak now of the 'good old fashioned winter' and a 'good old fashioned summer' and the very great cities like New York home life seems to be disappearing and the people are becoming cliff or cave dwellers in those enormous pyramidal apartments, where the occasional preparation of the children's garden, the dear old playroom in the attic, have given place to a cozy little flat composed of a number of dark cells."

### GOOD OLD TIMES.

"What has become of the good old times? Where is Sir Roger de Coverley? Where is the turnip and pea? Where is the roasting fork, and where is the circle round the blazing log and the ghost story? Where are the good old fashioned dinner and the good old fashioned host and the good old fashioned guests? Where are the bowl of punch and the good song?"

## "Leg Pullers" Are Needed to Increase Stature of the Squat Japanese

Advance Proofs of Report of the Commission of Ruler of Land of the Rising Sun.

### GREAT FAITH IN TENSION

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Saturday. ARON TAKAKI, surgeon general of the Japanese army and navy, is considerably surprised at the statement which was published in this country by his declaration that he hopes to increase the average height of the men of Japan by changing some of the century old methods of Japanese living. His theory is simple and is founded upon the fact that the shortness of the Japanese men as compared with the men of other nations, who have been brought up from boyhood the Japanese are accustomed to sitting on mats, either directly upon their feet or in a manner that compresses the legs, and that this custom is responsible for their lack of leg development.—News report.

To the Lord of the Moon and Stars, the most high ruler of the middle region of the land of Reeds, the all-wise monarch of the realm of Nippon, the illustrious Mikado of Japan, greeting—

We, your utterly ignoble and contemptible subjects, who have been brought up to accomplish nothing except through your able and surpassing virtues, are in this great city of the foreigners called New York, about to again sail the ocean plain to give to your serene and august Majesty the results of twelve months of careful thought and exceedingly hard study. It was commanded by your Augustness and by the Council of Elder Statesmen that we should with all diligence inquire why it is that the tribes which foregather in this western world have legs longer than those which are attached to the sons of Nippon.

### MUCH KNOWLEDGE, NO MONEY.

The fact that they are poor in purse and without now a single yen prevents them from immediately returning. So eager was the quest pursued by the utterly unworthy and contemptible servants of Your Majesty that they exhausted not only the



RICHARD MANSFIELD  
FAMOUS ACTOR WHO SCORES AMERICANS AS NON-HUMOROUS.

## Some Comments by Richard Mansfield

We are altogether too prone to think evil of our neighbors and to try to do them evil. We scowl too much, we smile too little.

We have now the production play which is all scenery, costumes, mechanics, humbug and cheap literature. Well, bred, people nowadays, dine at home before they go to a dinner party, and then rush off after dinner to an unloving game of bridge.

When hate and indifference have killed love, this earth will become as cold as the moon, and there will be nothing living but a few big, cold, slimy, bloodless slugs. In certain sections of New York city the sun never penetrates to the streets, and the germs, therefore, are not destroyed by its beneficial rays.

When you have climbed to the top of the hill, if you keep on going you must go down the other side, or else turn around and go down the side you have climbed up, or else sit down on top and freeze.

It is very difficult to keep on striking twelve every night. The bell tongue wears out after a while.

Who rises now at table with the nuts and the port and sings 'Tom Bowling' or 'Here's a Health to All Good Lasses' and the other old songs some of us can remember.

"No," on the other hand, we hurry through a perfunctory meal, and it is customary for well bred people nowadays to dine at home before they go to a dinner party, and then rush off after dinner to an unloving game of bridge.

"We do not have fun. We do not frolic. We do not stay young. We do not sing. We do not play bridge, we smoke cigars, and black cigars and discuss the Stock Exchange."

"Bloodless Slugs." "At this rate hate and indifference are going to kill love, and as soon as love is dead, we have completely deflected the harmonious waves this earth will be—"

Individual of two thousand millions is. It means that that individual could buy up all the South American republics and not feel the strain upon his resources.

It is truly a wonder to me that the man who would stop it by simply saying that he would throw his wealth upon the other side. The result of such a vast fortune, and the monstrous example of an individual with two thousand millions keeps every one hopping. If you want to return to the old fashioned life—and you will have to do so sooner or later—you must part with a large part of your wealth.

There is another point in this strenuous existence we are leading that should call for the serious attention of the benevolent and wise, and that is the danger to communities from the so-called "sky scrapers." In certain sections of New York city the sun never penetrates the street and germs, therefore, are not destroyed by its beneficial rays. That is why the Street Cleaning Department has to

only a small assessment of sixty thousand dollars for my pocket, although I was informed that a railway company would gladly pay it all, provided that all decisions rendered by me should be in their favor, provided their interests should be considered by your utterly contemptible servant.

GRAFT PULLS HIS LEG. The great Graft, which is worshipped in the Temple of the Virgin Temple of the Secret Council, thereupon caused to be given to me a wonderful potion which caused my limbs to stretch out as though they were wires of three heated copper.

It is truly a wonder to me that the Americans, whose legs are now slender on account of the activities of officials and of various corporations, are able indeed to stand upon supports compared to which doubly stretched bumbo is a tower of strength.

It is in our opinion, O Lord of the Seven Stars, that the only way in which one may prevent his legs from being seized and stretched by force in this country is to sit upon them in the manner which for centuries has been followed in the land of the Chrysanthemum.

It was commanded by Your Illustrious and Planet Magnifying Augustness that due attention should be given to the matter of diet, so that it might be learned, if peradventure, not only the customs of the Americans but also their daily fare might not contribute to the commendable length of their worthy legs.

FED THEM ON LOBSTERS. Bearing this desire upon our hearts, we made inquiry of the noble baron of the Order of the Mulberries and also of his companion and fellow senator Fogartyama, if they could direct us to any place where tissue building food was exposed for sale.

"Lobsters," said Fun Sun, with the leer of a Togo stunner about to fire a ten-inch gun.

We were escorted to a playhouse in the center of the city, where far gelsas danced with grace before painted pictures.

"Would you behind the scenes?" asked Fogartyama. So it came to pass that the State Increasing Commission were presently introduced, and at the hour of the dragon, after the play had been finished, went with all speed to a gorgeous structure, known as the Palace of the Lobster, in which there was a feast of one hundred tables and exceeding great joy.

All the retinue were ushered into this abode of merriment that there were loud cries and others came to be presented to us. We met many, on a very eminent and famous agent, who told us of the virtues of their wares. They purchased of their own brands and we did also pour forth yen for bottles of golden wine and were glad

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Milk of Human Kindness Drying Up and Good, Old Fashioned Love Being Killed by the Money Grubbing Spirit of the Age;

## WHEN ONLY BLOODLESS SLUGS WILL LIVE

support a hospital of its own. The poor "white wings" who are detailed to that section of the city where skyscrapers abound get little sunlight themselves and work in a condition where germs of all kinds thrive unmolested. Of course, they are frequently ill.

"More than that, thousands of men and women toll day after day in an artificial light and breathing a tainted and foul air. It is a necessity to me to go to the city. That is undoubtedly one of the reasons which has caused this enormous increase of insanity in New York city. It is not to be wondered at when you consider the conditions."

"The twenty story office building is another rock on which the waves of harmony split and go astray."

EVERY ONE ACTS. "The artificial life is the life of to-day in cities. And while there are few actors on the stage, there is hardly any one who is not acting off the stage. 'Oh, was some power the giftle give us to see ourselves as others see us.' I speak of these conditions simply because they undoubtedly will leave their impress upon the drama of the times."

Mr. Mansfield refilled his pipe, threw a leg over the arm of the big chair, and, with that engaging smile so peculiarly his own and in a voice that has charmed so many thousands, continued to unbother himself about the wisely published stories of his peculiarities.

"I have never had the time," said he, "in traveling around the country to go about shaking hands with every one 'jolly'ing' my critics, as the expression is. I have been too busy to have been in good fellow I would like to have been. In consequence I have been judged from the front. They have sized me up on my characters. I have acted rather than any knowledge of me as a man."

Now, you know, a man is always just opposed to the character he acts, that is, if he is a real actor. If he is what I call an 'acting actor' he does not feel the role. He is only posing. He lets his hair grow long, affects eccentric clothes and glories in the fact that he is in the limelight of public notice. The actor who is in earnest and throws his whole soul into the part must hypnotize himself. He must get away from himself and be that part. It is easy enough to rant and to be explosive. It is easy enough for a woman on the stage to shriek and have hysterics. Any one can have hysterics. It does not mean anything, and a woman feels that she could indulge in that sort of thing outside the privacy of her own boudoir she naturally attracts attention as an actress. To be sure, the actress has the advantage of expressing emotion in her part. In that she may cry. A man cannot cry on the stage without appearing very silly. He must express emotion in some other way and that is a very difficult thing."

SERIOUS FUNNY MEN. "As I said, the actor is generally just the opposite of the part he acts. The funny man is apt to be a very serious minded person. There was once a celebrated comedian in England over whom the whole country was raving. We will call him Smith. He was afflicted, unfortunately, with melancholia to such a degree that he had to consult a physician. He went to a physician for advice."

"What you need," said the doctor, "is something to cheer you up. Go and see Smith. He will make you laugh."

"The fact that a man does try to be the part he acts seems in a way to be regarded as presumption on the part of a certain class of critics. This was brought to my attention a short time ago in a Western city where I had occasion to meet a number of dramatic critics. A comic opera had been playing there just before and one of the critics said to me: 'You call him Smith. He was afflicted, unfortunately, with melancholia to such a degree that he had to consult a physician. He went to a physician for advice.'"

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